

THE DOOMED THIRTEEN.

That I am superstitious quite for such a staff, prosaic wife I can not well deny. Oh, call it weakness if you will, but first, pray listen and be still. The while I tell you why:

Upon a time I call to mind, Twelve others and the undersigned, All happy and serene, Dismissed all thoughts of fortune's frown, And to a banquet board sat down, In number just thirteen.

Among the others who sat down Were Smith and Robinson and Brown, Phil Black, Bill Stiles and Hobbs, Philander Phillips, little Stokes, A chum of mine, one Sammy Nokes, Another friend named Dobbs.

The others of the doomed thirteen Were Captain Alexander Green, A military elf, A man named White, from way down East, And last, but certainly not least, The undersigned, myself.

A baker's dozen round the board We all observed with one accord, And blushed each visage there; But soon the cheering wassail bowl Drove superstition from each soul; Right reckless wits we were.

But backward now I turn my gaze, And mingled horror and amazement O'ercloud my furrowed brow. A baker's dozen hearty men Sat smiling down to dinner then. Where are those thirteen now?

Poor Smith and Brown and Robinson, Each reached the end of his life's run; Then died (excuse this brine), Their deaths—Smith, Robinson and Brown—Were caused, I'm sure, by sitting down With thirteen men to dine.

Then Black and Stiles and Hobbs, poor men, When only three were years and ten Died—no apparent cause— While ten years after, on the field, The Captain fell constrained to yield To superstition's laws.

Sam Nokes was made an alderman, Conceivably, I think, by fate, That dread fate, words and deed, Against the Phylloxera, he is said, And little Stokes has asthma so He scarce can get his breath.

White took to crime; in jail is he, While Dobbs to Canada must flee, His liberty to seek; But saddest fate of all mine; (What wonder that I should repine!) I'm to be wed next week.

Though superstition I may be, Oh, do not, prithee, prate to me, I scorn your common sense, Despite my weakness you'll admit That there is ample cause for it In this experience.

—Harry B. Smith, in America.

"THAT THIRTY FOOT."

A Plain, Old-Fashioned Yankee Law and Love Story.

"It's truly terrible, on Christianlike for a man an' woman gittin' on in years to nurse an' keep a grudge agin each other, an' livin' neighbors, too. Oncle's a woman agin her way o' thinkin', she's past movin' in any direction. Of all stubborn created creatures, the female sex is the best-nest," said 'Shiah Leeds, the "man of all work," who kept in beautiful order the grounds and house belonging to the masculine element in the long and bitterly-waged war between Dr. Digby Hale, forty-three, and Penelope Beck, of uncertain age and temper, so the neighbors said.

'Shiah sat in the sunshiny, white-curtained kitchen, watching with admiration Miss Penelope's maid of all work beating up a cake.

Sabrina Smith, also splinter, with a will of her own, quickly resenting the uncomplimentary allusion to her sex, shortly retorted, as she whisked savagely the whites of eight eggs in a big blue bowl:

"'Shiah Leeds, hadn't you better read up 'a little, an' try to get into that thick skull o' your'n a sense o' the true state of affairs? Wimmen hadn't now livin' with their necks under men's boot-heels. They've a perfect right to be stubborn, if they see just cause for it. The female sex in this house are entirely capable of livin' in comfort 'bout the aid of that big generalissimo of a doctor, or yourself. I s'pose he thinks he's doing a grand bit of business for himself, contendin' for the thirty foot of ground between his house an' her'n. It's already cost Miss Penelope more money than the ground is worth, an' had as she wants it for fruit raisin', if her pore old pa hadn't left it to her, she'd not law about it."

"Doc Hale is an oppressor of wimmen—that's what he is. I never see him riding down street in his new fine buggy that I don't compare the two together. Him a great, strong and handsome well-to-do man, tryin' to cheat a poor little lady gittin' on in years, an' terrible delicate, an' gittin' poorer every day. 'Shiah Leeds, our livin' gittin' skurvy, an' for month's Miss Beck's been at me to leave her an' find a place where I'll git wages, but she can't make a livin' for herself, an' I shall not desert her. Folks call her cross. She ain't, but this lawin', an' not bein' able to find the right papers is makin' her fretty-like. Her pa wasn't very business-like or he'd kept things in better shape."

"You kin keep on 't'other side o' that thirty foot after this, if you haven't any thing better to do than belittlin' the female sex."

The crimson burned brightly upon each apple cheek. Miss Sabrinah held her head high and beat fast the foaming eggs.

"Sabrinah—Miss Smith—you know that I respect, yes, admire your sect—I—only meant—"

"I've heard, Mistur Leeds, your very flatterin' compliment to wimmen in general. I ain't putty, to be molded as you want to mold me. I mean it; hereafter you may as well keep on 't'other side of the thirty foot, that rightly belongs to Miss Penelope," interrupted Miss Smith, holding her head still higher, and taking a backward step, setting her generously-proportioned feet upon the plump house cat lying near the stove, she tripped awkwardly, and fell prone upon the floor, spilling upon herself the contents of the big bowl!

"Git out, you pesky creature! You've done mischief enough for one mornin'!" screamed Sabrinah, her black eyes flashing angrily, as she struggled into an upright position, scornfully refusing the assistance proffered by 'Shiah.

"I think I'd best, Sabrinah, as it looks as if you meant me, as well as old Toby. I've not intended to insult you, an' my errand over this mornin' was to see if we couldn't find forces. That's little chores over here that needs a man to look after 'em, and I know Doc an' me git mouty tired of our own housekeepin'. That's room for both you an' me over there, an' you could still look after Miss Penelope, livin' so handy—"

"Git out, an' quick! I mean you, 'Shiah!"

Leeds, an' not old Toby! I s'pose you're offerin' me the chance to become Miss Leeds, and to desert my pore Miss Penelope. I'm a woman, an' one of the stubborn sort, as don't desert old friends, an', at the drop of a hat, go over to the enemy. I consider your proposal insultin', an', for the last time, tell you to stay on 't'other side of that thirty foot," snapped Miss Sabrinah, elevating her chin, scornfully sniffing the air, and, as 'Shiah inwardly acknowledged, "lookin' right down han'some in her tantrum."

Crestfallen, the rejected lover turned to go, saying humbly, as he held out his hand: "Sabrinah, I shall not lay this up agin you, an' I'll be ready to do you a good turn at any time, but, my girl, you'll ask me to do it before I set foot over that thirty foot of ground that rightfully belongs to Doc Hale. He ain't the man to claim property that isn't his own, or fight innocent women. Miss Penelope has fretted him into doin' aggravatin' things. He'd be glad to settle peaceably. Mind, Sabrinah, you'll ask me to come."

"It'll be a long, dry spell before that happens," she retorted, turning her back upon the man who had in her loneliness been "a sight of company an' real handy to call upon when a man's help was needed."

Two "eavesdroppers," Miss Penelope and Dr. Hale, in their own rooms, had overheard themselves and their quarrel talked over by their faithful friends, and some way that thirty feet in dispute never seemed so valueless before.

Digby Hale laid down the medical journal, unable to become interested in even the elixir of life experiments described in its columns. Aloud he said:

"Humph! That vixen of a cooksees me up in sauce piquante. I think 'Shiah has made a lucky escape in getting a instead of a yes from that peppery damsel. I never suspected him of cherishing a tender feeling for Miss Penelope's comely comely."

Unable to resume reading, he went to a large mirror and surveyed himself, seeing a stalwart, bronzed man in his prime. Truly it wasn't an even battle, the money, influence and popular opinion all belonging to his opponent. He had against her, a spirituelle little woman, having the odds against her. He hadn't really cared for that thirty feet in dispute, only it was his right to have it, and without it his lawn was narrow and contracted. Being a stranger in the village, he had never known the Becks, and the last scion of the family, Miss Penelope, had not proved a pleasant neighbor.

Digby Hale's battle of life had been a long one before success came, absorbing the days and nights, too, leaving none for social duties. Motherless and sisterless from boyhood, he knew little of sweet home ties, or the influence of a tender womanly woman for the betterment of mankind.

"Come to dinner, Doc," called 'Shiah, from the kitchen, and obeying the summons he noticed, as he had never done before, the "need of womanly hands" in his bachelor abode. In silence 'Shiah served the very palatable dinner, repeating in metaphorical sackcloth and ashes his rash vow to "never step over that thirty feet of ground until asked to do it."

"Temper made me say that," he inwardly commended. "Now I've fixed things in fine style, leavin' myself no chance to win her at all by sayin' that. I'll never be asked to come if the house catches fire. Sabrinah's grit to the backbone. I'll never have any other woman for my wife, an' I'm gittin' tired of livin' alone."

The day set for the "trial" was approaching; Dr. Hale said it must be settled this court term, as "it had dragged along too long now." Miss Penelope sat in her closed bedroom, gloomy and silent the greater portion of the time, and Sabrinah's loud:

Here stands a couple joined heart an' hand, He wants a wife an' she wants a man, An' they will get married if they can agree. Then they'll march down the center as happy as can be, as she deftly turned off the work, no longer delighted the music-loving soul of 'Shiah, who in turn "drooped around," too dispirited to hum slowly:

There's a rose in the garden for you, young man, to tune and time of his own construction.

He really hadn't "sposed Sabrinah's carry matters so far as to go around with her split-board bunnet pulled down tight over her face, refusin' to speak to a fellow, all on 'count of that pesky thirty foot."

Dr. Hale no longer whistled a favorite strain from the "Little Tycoon." A feeling of pity stole into his heart when he caught (by watching through drawn blinds) glimpses of the dejected little woman, who, paler and thinner than ever, sometimes came to the "thirty foot" and surveyed it sadly.

Time wore on, until the twilight of the evening before the trial came. Miss Penelope, really ill, lay upon a couch in her own room, shrinking from the publicity which awaited her next day, thinking what suffering temper had brought her, "if he hadn't seemed so high and mighty, I should have given over at once," she sobbed out, confiding in the faithful Sabrinah, who, though secretly deploring the coolness between herself and 'Shiah, had kept up bravely "a stiff upper lip," having only half an hour before deliberately refused to accept a peace-offering, a basket of great golden pears, timidly reached her by Josiah.

"Oh, well," returned Sabrinah, consolingly, "you ain't wrong in wanting to protect your own, that your palef you. Now don't go to weakenin' at the last minute."

Twelve o'clock came, and still Dr. Hale unsuccessfully courted sleep, when suddenly there sounded a loud and quick rap, rap upon the kitchen door, and Sabrinah's voice called:

"'Shiah, 'Shiah, wake up! Call Doc; Miss Penelope's dyin'! Tell Doc to come, an' not stop for nothin'."

"Yes, comin', Sabrinah," responded 'Shiah, and shortly Miss Penelope's castle was invaded by the enemy, who immediately set about restoring the little woman who lay in an insensible condition to consciousness.

Miss Penelope required the combined efforts of the three, Dr. Hale, Sabrinah and 'Shiah, and continued unconscious so long that her faithful attendant wept bitterly, giving it as her opinion that "Miss Penelope" got her death-blow, an' would soon be free from her sorrow."

"Is she dangerous, Doc?" inquired 'Shiah, softly, failing to work with renewed energy, chafing the cold slender hands, after reading his answer in Digby Hale's brown eyes.

After a time Miss Penelope "came to," and realized the situation, and not (as Sabrinah feared) turning from her physician, who soothed her as if she had been a tired child. Until sunrise she sat beside her, refusing to respond to the call of a wealthy patron.

Suddenly Miss Penelope opened her eyes, and said:

"The law suit! To-day is the one. I can't go to—"

"Of course you can't. Suppose we settle it in another and more peaceable way—quash it, or withdraw the suit, or somehow, and I pay all the costs, fines or fees—all the expenses, any way," said the doctor, incoherently, then adding:

"We'll look after it in the future. It shall never trouble you again. You may have it, to plant in roses or strawberries. I'm sure I never wanted it."

"You—you are—so good, and I have called you such miserable names, a schemer, selfish, even a villain—villain, and I really meant it, too," sobbed Miss Penelope.

"There, there, little woman, don't cry. You weren't wrong when you called me so. I have been all of them, I think, in that thirty-foot transaction. Now you are to mind your orders, if you desire to get well rapidly," replied the doctor, in his most soothing manner.

The withdrawal of the suit and the close attention Dr. Hale paid Miss Penelope during her convalescence made a sensation in the village.

"I s'pose," said 'Shiah to Sabrinah, as they sat out under the shade of an apple-tree, which showered down gentle mellow bell-flowers upon the grassy carpet, "that thirty foot" one clear sunset, "that Doc an' Miss Penelope are obeyin' Scripture by livin' out the commands to 'love one another,' an' 'love your enemies.' I think the endin' of all this readin' poetry loud together, an' carryin' over flowers and fragrant end in a wedding! I'm sure that'll suit me to a big T. Sabrinah, you an' me'd best arrange to get married at the same time that Doc an' Miss Penelope settle that thirty-foot business for good."

"'Shiah, your tongue runs so fast that I can't git in a word edgewise. I haven't been promisin' anybody to marry 'em yet. You'd best get my agreement to such a proposition before you fail to makin' weddin' preparations," retorted Sabrinah, sharply.

"Oh, now, Sabrinah, we understand each other, an' it's no use to say we don't. Doc'll be wantin' to move her over to his house, as it's bigger an' handsomer, an' has all the improvements in it. We can move right in Miss Penelope's goods an' keep things goin', same as usual, an' yet work things goin', I'll be dreadful handy. I never had things so good before. I'm tickled as a boy with a new whistle," said Josiah, smiling broadly.

"You haven't got things that way yet, 'Shiah, an' that's slips between the cup an' the lip. I do wonder if Doc and Miss Penelope will marry. They're both up in years," mused Sabrinah.

"So are we, my dear, but we'll be married, and so will that happy pair. Do you mind my tellin' you I'd never cross over that thirty-foot lot until you asked me to do it?" said 'Shiah, triumphantly.

"Well, if that isn't mean! throwin' up to me that I've done the askin'!"

"Yes, I know, Sabrinah, that if you hadn't needed help at midnight you'd gone an' called Doc Winn instead of our good friend. I'm glad you had to ask me to cross it, for I was just dyin' for a chance, but you held out so gritty I didn't dare to try."

"It's better than lawin'. What's his will be hers, an' vice versa. They'll git it a clear title to that thirty-foot lot an' a lovely companion the rest of life's journey to boot," Ella Guernsey, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

COMPOSITION OF TEETH.

They Embrace Four Substances—Enamel, Cement, Dentine and Pulp.

The tooth in its normal condition consists of four parts or substances—enamel, cement, dentine and pulp. Enamel is the outer covering of the crown or exposure of the tooth, and by a wise provision of nature it is the thickest where most subject to use and wear. It is the hardest tissue of the human system, possesses of itself no sensibility, and contains not over four per cent of animal matter. Yet it is an important fact, and one which should not be lost sight of in caring for the teeth, that this indispensable coating is almost entirely soluble in acids. Cement is the bone-like covering of the roots and neck of the tooth, corresponding for the covered portion to the enamel, with which it blends and unites about the edge of the gums, for the exposed part. Dentine forms the body of the tooth. It is not so hard as bone, consisting of parallel tubes about 4,500 to an inch in diameter, and more than a quarter of its composition consists of animal matter. It is somewhat sensitive, but the sensation is probably due to the nerves of the pulp. The latter, commonly called "the nerve," is a mass of nerve and blood-vessels, almost infinitesimal in size, connected and enveloped by a very delicate tissue. These nerve and blood-vessels connect with the general system through a minute opening at the extremity of the root, with which exception the pulp is entirely surrounded by a wall of dentine. In fact, the pulp is the germ of the body of the tooth, the dentine is formed from it and nourished by it; when the pulp—which is extremely sensitive, as most readers know—dies, the dentine loses its apparent sensitiveness and gradually changes color—itself becomes dead—Good Housekeeping.

THE MEN WHO STAY.

Some Excellent Advice to Ambitious Young Mechanics.

Young mechanics make a very egregious mistake when they begin to think that they do too much for their employers when they work a few moments overtime to complete a small task they are performing just at the time the whistle blows to quit work. More and more young men have been known receiving an advance in their wages from this than from any other known cause.

Employers watch the movements of young men very closely, and the least little thing oftentimes places them in an unfavorable light before their employers. It is the young man who studies the interest of his employer, and is not afraid to give him a few moments, that gets the rapid advancement. He is the young man selected when any favors are to be granted.

I can tell in twenty minutes in any work-shop the young man who is most likely to succeed in his trade. He is the last to leave his work, and is always prompt in beginning it. These fellows that drop their work at the moment the whistle blows are always the ones that the employer is ready to discharge when business gets a little slack.

The young man who takes the interest of his work at heart, and his employer into consideration, is very rarely laid off in slack times.—Builders Gazette.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Bolt clothebins in clean water once a month and they will be much more durable.

—Berry Pudding.—One cup molasses, one cup milk, one egg, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda, flour to make stiff batter, and berries. Steam one and a half or two hours.—Boston Globe.

—Cake Without Eggs.—Two-thirds cups each of sugar, water and milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-third cup of butter, flavor to taste. This is excellent for layer-cake.—Boston Budget.

—Currents, berries and all juicy fruits may be washed, and then cooked without water; then strain, and the juice boiled for fifteen or twenty minutes before adding the sugar, when very little boiling will be required.

—Vanilla Snow.—Cook one cupful of rice in a covered dish to keep it white. When nearly done add one cupful of cream, a pinch of salt, the beaten whites of two eggs and a cupful of sugar. Flavor with vanilla. Pile in a glass dish and dot with jelly. Serve with cream and sugar.—Ladies Home Journal.

—Apple Charlotte.—Grease a pie-dish, place a layer of bread crumbs, then one of apples pared and sliced, sprinkle sugar over, and a little grated nutmeg, a few small bits of butter, then a layer of crumbs, another layer of apples, with sugar, nutmeg and butter, until all the apples are used up, leaving crumbs and a little butter for the last layer. Bake about an hour in an oven not too hot, but the pudding must be nicely browned.—Housekeeper.

The following is a good recipe for scouring boards and keeping them a good color: Three parts of sand, two parts of soft soap, one part of lime. A little of this mixture should be well rubbed into the boards with a scrubbing brush, and then they should be washed with clean water and rubbed dry. The tables can be scoured in the same way, and a good plan to keep them clean is to have triangles of wood made to which to rest the saucepans and kettles.—Household Monthly.

—Pear Kiosse.—(A German dish). Peel, core, and chop up fine, half a dozen pears. Mix with them half a grated nutmeg, two ounces of butter, sugar to taste, four well-beaten eggs, and finely grated bread to make the mixture stiff and smooth. Mold into egg-shaped balls with the help of a large spoon. Cook these in boiling water and simmer half an hour. Serve on a hot dish with powdered sugar and a pinch of cinnamon. Send milk sauce to the table with them.—Demorest's Monthly.

—This is the sort of weather that makes a deodorizer essential for health as well as comfort. The compounds known to housewives are innumerable, but more or less valuable. One of the best is lavender salts, which any one can prepare. In a bowl, with an open neck, drop pounds of ammonia and pour over the bicarbonate as much spirits of lavender as the vial will hold. When a closet or apartment needs refreshing remove the stopper. The evaporation will not only sweeten the atmosphere, but clean and purify it. Fifty cents' worth of material will furnish pungents for five apartments.

A SHERIFF'S COURAGE.

Locking Himself Up With Five Prisoners to Subdue Them.

"I think that the bravest man I ever knew," said the Colonel, "was one of the worst. His name was Kit Castle, and for some years, so long ago that my hair grows gray when I think of it, he was sheriff of Uintah County, Wyoming. Kit had his own peculiar code of morals like a good many other Western men of that day. He borrowed money in the most reckless fashion, but he always paid it back to the last cent. He never broke a promise. But he would cheat at cards at every opportunity. He couldn't help it. Every one knew that he cheated, but no man was ever bold enough to say so in his face, for Castle was not afraid of any thing that walked or crawled, and he was a dead shot every time his big finger pressed a trigger. He was over six feet in height, a lion in strength and a tiger when in a rage."

"He started out alone on horseback once when he was sheriff to capture two horse thieves. He was gone for a week, and people began to think that Kit had got the worst of a hard fight, when he rode into town one evening and stalked up to a bar."

"Where are your men, Kit?" someone asked with a laugh, thinking they had slipped him.

"The sheriff pulled from his belt three revolvers and laid them down. Then he went out to his horse and unsaddled two pairs of spurs from the saddle came back and threw them jingling and ringing on the bar counter."

"One of them revolvers is mine," said Kit, slowly. "All the rest is souvenirs—souvenirs," he pronounced it. "I had sixty miles to ride back, and I hadn't the time to lead two horses with the corpses of two horse thieves tied on their backs." That was all he ever said about the fight.

"Perhaps a more villainous set of scoundrels was never collected than the prisoners whom Castle always had in the county jail. The jail was of stone and was at the rear of the court-house. Inside the place was lined with sheet-iron, and along the end ran the heavily barred cells. One evening the sheriff went into the jail to see if his prisoners were all right for the night. One of them had gotten out of his cell and had then released four other desperadoes. When Kit opened the door into the jail the men started for him with a rush. Kit had time to spring through the door and close it, and his prisoners would have been as secure in the iron-walled corridors as in their cells. But the sight of the five men maddened him, and he threw the door shut with a loud clang, locking himself in the room with the others.

"Drawing his revolver he leaped at the men, bellowing in his anger. He was too enraged to shoot them. He wanted to punish them for daring to attack him. His strength and energy were tremendous, and he hurled the five men into one of the iron corners. Pushing them and knocking them about, he beat them over the head and shoulders and arms with the butt of his revolver until they screamed at the top of their voices in their helpless agony. Then, his teeth shut close together in his great jaw, he picked them up one by one and pitched them into their cells, securely latching the bolts.

"Such daring and recklessness as his could belong only to a man who did not know the name of physical fear. He was a born fighter, and as a soldier in a battle would have been remorselessly fierce. But he had one enemy stronger than he. Whiskey snatched his life when he was in his prime."—N. Y. Tribune.

—Some interesting facts were furnished some time ago by English hatters respecting the sizes of men's hats. The "size" is a mean between the length and breadth of the hat; thus, measurements of seven inches and a half by six inches and a half would give No. 7, and so on. The usual size for an adult Englishman is No. 7. Germans have round heads, Malays small ones. The heads of Portuguese average from six inches and seven-eighths to seven inches; those of Spaniards are a little larger. The heads of Japanese excel the English average. Men that have much to do with horses are said to have the small-heads; and a rough relation appears to exist between the size of the head-dress and mental capacity.—Popular Science Monthly.

—A swarm of butterflies halted near Placerville, Cal., and for a time they were so thick about the springs and moist places that teamsters couldn't see their leaders.

—\$5.00 to Niagara Falls, \$6.00 to Toronto. Grand personally conducted excursion via C. H. & D. and Grand Trunk Railways, August 21, 1890. The triumph of the season. Our record is the best and this year we will redouble our former efforts in the assurance of comfort and care to our patrons. Five thoroughly posted and competent agents will accompany this excursion and remain as an escort to the party during their stay at Niagara Falls, and arrange accommodations for the side trips to Toronto and Thousand Islands; to the latter point a rate of \$10.00 for the round trip is offered. Make application early for sleeping-car accommodations and tickets, on sale at Chamber of Commerce building, 300 West Fourth Street, 410 Vine Street, or Depot, Cincinnati; Union Ticket Office, Covington, Ky.; or any Agent of the C. H. & D. R. R. or immediate connecting lines. E. O. McCormick, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

"The early bird catches the worm," but it is the late "hawk" that brings on the "snakes,"—Yonkers Statesman.

That Unfortunate Liver of Yours, Bilious reader, will never resume its functions with regularity and vigor if you persist in pestering it with blue pill and calomel. Don't you know that these are equally objectionable forms of the cumulative poison—mercury? It is not only a poison, but it gets you on using them. Desist, and repair damages, regulate the abused organ, and invigorate it with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, incompared to any other cathartic, nervousness and kidney complaints.

Unless she sails under false colors, the brunette should never let her light-headedness be the blonde—Munsey's Weekly.

People do not discover it until too late, that the so-called washing powders not only eat up their clothes, but ruin their skin, and cause rheumatism. Use both my Dobbins' Electric Soap. Have your grocer keep it.

"There's a canny lot," "Who?" "The lobster-factory people in Newfoundland,"—Fester.

E. A. Root, Toledo, O., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Tanks at stations along the way are not for railroad stock watering.

Pain in the side nearly always comes from a disordered liver and is promptly relieved by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Don't forget this.

Every hard drinker is a little soft.—Texas Siftings.

Figures tell—so do little brothers.

How soon the crying baby in the house grows to be a girl with a piano!—Atchison Globe.

People who say sharp things often get the reputation of being blunt.—Baltimore American.

The little girls who carried incense in golden times were the first myrrh-maid.—Lawrence American.

The bridal trip often saddles a groom with outlay enough to make him a little sulky.—Yonkers Gazette.

A minister is excusable for thinking more of the lamb in his flock than of the dove.—Binghamton Republican.

There is always room for one more in the waste basket.—Dallas News.

A good deal more is said of the death struggle, but it is the life struggle that is the hardest to go through.—Hutchinson News.

Sickness is Nature's way of saying: "I told you so!"—Puck.

AN ornithological freak.—A double eagle.

The most popular woman in the United States is undoubtedly the golden-haired young lady who adorns the double eagle.—Puck.

"HAMMOCK dresses" are announced for summer wear. Something a girl can slip out of easily, we presume.—Yonkers Statesman.

LOVERS are slow about proposing this summer. Owing to the high price of the commodity, they hesitate about breaking the ice.—Sittings.

The man of many adjectives is liable to be taken for the composer of circus advertisements.—Martins Vineyard Herald.

"I am tired of looking at brick and mortar. I want to get out into the country and feast my vision on green fields." In other words, you want to let your eye-browse.—Terre Haute Express.



Syrup of Figs

ONE ENJOYS Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever introduced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

HAVE no equal as a prompt and positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

A MAN who can not keep his own knife ten minutes generally can keep a borrowed blade ten years.—Ashland Press.

HAVE you seen the Ram's Horn? If not, write to E. P. Brown, 66½ North Penn. St., Indianapolis, Ind.

A REPORT of an earthquake can hardly be called groundless.

SEA air roughens the skin. Use Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

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